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SCHOLARS DISCOVER OLDER HALLOWEEN PRECIDENT

For years now, many of the inhabitants of this land have considered the celebration of Halloween to have been brought over by Lord British when he first came to this land from his native Earth. However, a recent discovery by scholars of Sosarian archives indicate that our ancestors have been observing this tradition long before the days of the first cataclysm. Back then it was referred to as Griefing Day, and has since evolved into the form that we practice today. The practices of the customs, however continue in several ways, though many have forgotten the original message. Before the virtues tempered the hearts of men, the people were a sick, barbarous lot; wantonly inflicting abuses upon each other, until it reached a point where progress was being hindered by these constant, malicious antics. It was decided that one day a year would be set aside for this behavior, and those who wished not to participate, would ensconce themselves inside their houses until the day had safely passed. Not to be deprived of victims,

the mean-spirited would devise schemes such as setting fire to a burning sack of excrement which would be placed on the victim's doorstep as they knocked on the door then hid. Oft times, the prankster would be spotted snickering behind some cover, recognized and mercifully beaten on his own doorstep the following day; thus resulting in the innovation of the Griefing Day disguise. The Holiday Celebratory Council enacted several changes in the custom, including the prohibition of any use of arson to provoke the homeowner from leaving his home. Long gone are the days where one would witness resident and guest grappling with deadly intent at the threshold of a home. Nowadays, a trick or treater is content to receive a mild shanking at the doorway or have paint thrown into his or her face. The traditional holiday greeting evolved from flipping the bird to a more cheerful "trick or treat." The greeting itself became mandatory following a series of incidents whereupon a number of hapless door to door encyclopedia salesmen were killed by uptight homeowners on the fated holiday in cases of mistaken identity. Today, the hostility of the occasion is greatly toned down, but there still lingers the residual ancient emnity between resident and holiday extortionist. Spouses have long done away with the custom of handing out poisoned bottles of wine

to visitors and have
contented themselves with
doling out foul pitchers
of milk that have been
patiently curdling in the
pantry since the beginning
of the month, or
distributing the specially
formulated pain wrenching
candy that sends a rictus
of agony through one's
skull when consumed.

Gifts of miniature iron
maidens and guillotines
hearken back to the days
when disgruntled victims
would threaten pranksters
with torture or
decapitation. When these
customs are viewed in
the light of latest
findings, it seems to lend
proof to the old adage
of the more that things
change, the more they
remain the same.

EXPERTS LOOK INTO PAST PHENOMENON

What ever happened to
the phantom towers that
veterans say used to
appear in the lands of
Yew and just as
mysteriously fade into
nothingness? That's what
paranormal investigators
want to know. Travellers
would sometimes speak of
the odd towers that
would briefly appear along
the coast, but such tales
are no longer heard in
these times. Was it all a
hoax, or were these just
urban legends? Or, is
there just no more
vacant space for a
spectral fortress to
manifest anymore in this
day and age? If any of
our readers have
experienced such sightings,
our staff would be

interested in hearing your account.

SURVIVAL TIPS FROM THE FIELD

Hunting with DeadBob

On a recent jaunt into Demon Valley, Lord Virus, our provisional, brought 10 bottles of whiskey, 12 cases of ale and 2 packages of fish steaks.

"Virus," Lord Gandolf asked him, "What are we going to do with all them damn hotdogs?"

After a liquid lunch, we were off to slay demons when a paragon suddenly spawned and bit off Lord Virus' codpiece. Most of us managed to get away clean. But if you see happen to see Lord Virus sporting a codpiece with bite-marks, and, missing his left buttock, we can explain. As we were running away from that paragon, all of us stopped to put on running shoes.

All except Virus, that is. He didn't have any.

"Why are you putting on your running shoes?" he asked. "Do you really think you are going to out run that demon with those?"

To which we replied over our shoulders as we sped off, "We don't have to out run the demon. We just have to out run you!"

- db

A figure dressed in green, blending into the colors that surround it, made its way to the center of Yew. Standing

by the portal leading to the Elven city, one that was not there in ages passed, pulled the hood of her cloak back revealing the features of a human female. Tall and slender she was, with a shape and presence that would and does catch the attention of many.

She knew of the days when this town was bustling with activity, for she was young then and so very wide eyed taking it all in. The majority of her days spent never really knowing if the choices she made were the right ones in those special times, she smiled almost to herself. She recalled learning two important and special things about these lands of Sosaria: we would never grow old, and never truly die.

Focusing on those days her eyes closed slowly as the sights and sounds came washing over her... Men in green armor running to and fro, welcoming new citizens to their lands, or guarding it with their lives. Many a time forcing the Stormreaver Orc hordes back to their fort south of Yew, or other times fighting off a more sinister foe, men that had gone red from the spilling of so much blood. She closed her eyes tighter as she drifted even further back in time, a time when she met great new friends, and lovers, having wonderful adventures around the forests of Yew, or even more risky times in the cavernous

dungeons of Wrong.
Suddenly her nose took in
a scent, a distinct smell
causing her to remember
the winerys of Yew,
where often she would
drink with fellow
adventureres, or even
foes.

Her hand went to her
cheek as her eyes open,
wiping away at the tears.
She so hated that about
these lands and thought
to herself why do these
wonderful vibrant
memories have to bring
about such a torrent of
emotions always seemingly
ending in grief? Her eyes
caught a piece of paper
nailed to a tree, was it
a bounty for a
murderer?? No, of course
not, those days had long
since passed when you
could bring a murderer's
head back to town and
collect a tidy sum slaying
him for his crimes.

She further cleared her
eyes, what was this? She
began to read:

OCTOBERFEST 2011

On the last Thursday &
Friday of the month of
October (the 27th &
28th) the A Sosarian
Empire Alliance will be
hosting an event located
at the center of Yew
(Trammel). Enjoy new
adventures... meet with
old friends and
acquaintances, and make
new ones as we have
planned two evenings with
a focus on enjoyment and
fond memories.

Join us on Thursday at
730 pm eastern time to
enter into the Halloween
Costume contest (hosted

by Clan Moor) followed by the Box Stacking Event relying on your wits to be the first to finish (rules provided at event sight / hosted by the Vampiric Order) and the last event of the evening the Boozefest - you just have to be there to believe and enjoy this riddlefest of booze and questions (hosted by the A Sosariian Alliance Event Master Corinthian (YEW)).

And on Friday test your skills firing small, sharp wooden sticks at targets in the Archery contest at 8pm eastern (hosted by YEW), followed by the Amazing Yew Race race against time (hosted by TWT & H*W) and top it all off with a Halloween Dinner (hosted by the Serpents Cross Tavern and their renowned catering crew.

Hope to see you all there.